

The Washington Times

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1911.

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MARCH CIRCULATION.

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 Daily, 46,291; Sunday, 12,274; Total, 58,565.
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The net total circulation of the Washington Times (daily) during the month of March was 1,238,785, all copies left over and returned by agents being eliminated. This number, when divided by 27, the number of days of publication, shows the net daily average for March to have been 45,881.

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The net total circulation of the Washington Times (Sunday) during the month of March was 12,274, all copies left over and returned by agents being eliminated. This number, when divided by 4, the number of Sundays during March, shows the net Sunday average for March to have been 3,068.

In each issue of the Times the circulation figures for the previous day are plainly printed at the head of the first page at the left of the date line.

Entered at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.

A local jokesmith interprets D. A. R. as "Daughters of the Annual Revolution."

Colonel Cosby says the new speedway will be ready to race over next week. "Glad-dap!"

Everybody hopes that Dr. Wiley will come to the defense of alcohol as the real stuff in whisky.

Why not arrest those Treasury columns for vagrancy, since they have no jobs and no apparent means of support?

With twenty-three marriage licenses issued yesterday, the June bride will have to bestir herself to beat the April record.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers will conduct a dance tonight, just "to get up steam" for the national convention.

Jannus may not yet have mastered the science of flying, but by contact with earth, air, and water, he is at least learning the elements.

Moonlight excursions down the river will soon be ripe. The river and the moon, in fact, are already in good condition, and only await the auspicious turn of the weather.

The semi-annual personally conducted honeymoon trip to Washington, which Mrs. Gill chaperones from Richmond, Va., has just started fifteen new families on their wedding way.

It has taken a good many weeks to set the guy ropes, so to speak, but everything is today in readiness for a "pull all together as they say" for the George Washington Memorial Hall.

Swaggy Shirley found Speaker Clark's gavel somewhat awkward to handle during his temporary service as presiding officer. Mr. Clark's gavel was made for a right-handed man, and Shirley is left-handed.

"The mercurial man is mercurial to his beast," so it is gratifying to note that the United States College of Veterinary Surgeons has just turned out a goodly number of graduates, who will look after the bills of Dexter and Dobbin.

Prizes are to be offered for various athletic events at the forthcoming state bake of the Board of Trade. The first one should go to the member who is most successful in throwing off the cares of the day.

The great annual maple sugar eat of the Vermont State Association is scheduled for Friday night, when 1,000 pounds of "sugar on ice" with Green Mountain sage cheese, doughnuts and all other New England delicacies will be served.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences has brought together three of the most prominent figures in the scientific world in attractively Sir John Murray, Dr. Simon Flexner, and Dr. Franz Benda, all of whom are to take part in the program.

Several lines in "The Woman," presented at the National this week, seem aptly appropriate to present politics. Both President Taft and Speaker Clark heard them the same night, and it is said there were conflicting emotions when it was said that the Speakership is the stepping stone to the Presidency.

Think back twenty-five years and see how many of your acquaintances are following the same work in the same place as when you first saw them a quarter of a century ago. Clerk Lambert, of the Riggs House, has welcomed guests there for twenty-five consecutive years and will stay until the doors of the famous old hostelry are closed June 1.

Everyone interested in the city's infant milk supply (and who is not?) should attend the meeting called for tomorrow night at the Chamber of Commerce to consider the advisability of continued existence of the Straus Pasteurized Milk Laboratory. The meeting should determine, too, whether a continuance of the Straus plant is an absolute necessity or whether commercial agencies are not ready to give the same service.

At this time when agitation of a great national university is again revived, it has been interestingly recalled by Georgetown men that in 1888 the Merriam Debating Society, of Georgetown, at its annual prize debate discussed the question, "Resolved, That a National University Would Be Expedient." And

still another interesting and timely connection is that the first speaker for the negative side was Maurice B. Kirby, afterward Washington newspaper writer, and recently killed in New York, where he had made a success as a playwright.

A TIME FOR THE MOST CAREFUL PROCEDURE.

Senator Stone of Missouri is expected to speak in the Senate tomorrow on his resolution directing the Foreign Affairs Committee to look into Mexican conditions and report with recommendations. The resolution is suggestive of serious purpose, in that clause which authorizes the committee to report to either an open or an executive session of the Senate.

In the present extreme delicacy of conditions in Mexico every word uttered during consideration of this resolution will have special significance to Mexicans of all factions. A similar resolution has been laid before the House, and will become the text of discussion in that body. It will be a wonder if one side or the other, in the Mexican imbroglio, does not find encouragement in the things that may be said on the floor of Congress.

Reports from both sides justify strong hopes that the Mexicans will shortly inaugurate serious measures to compose their differences. The steady hand of the Washington Government should be held more firm than ever right now. The Diaz government must go shortly; in the course of nature Diaz must relax his hold. He is the most serious obstacle to restoration of conditions under which peace may be brought, and security finally restored. The federal victory at Agua Prieta gives the government an occasion upon which with dignity and self-respect it may make overtures to the rebels, and this it is doing. On the other hand the insurgents, realizing that the majority of their countrymen are still in sympathy with them, can afford to make concessions in the interest of peace.

It is therefore peculiarly important that the forthcoming Congressional consideration of the whole situation should not intrude difficulties in the way of the adjustment of which there seems to be stronger hope than in months past. It is not likely that Senator Stone will make any tactical mistakes; he is too wise and experienced a legislator. The danger is that in the course of colloquy utterances might be put forth which would prove embarrassing to the Government.

THE BUCK BEER SIGN THAT SPRING IS HERE.

Other signs and symbols are the heralds of spring. The portrait of the bearded Buck, toying in goatish glee with the first foaming tankard of his namesake brew, marks the arrival of spring itself. In stolid disregard of the capriciousness of the seasons, guided strictly by the calendar, the malted barley has been passing through its prescribed routine since the almanac declared that the vernal equinox had come. On the heels of the "Play ball!" slogan comes the inspiring cry, "Bock beer!"

The crocus may be deceived. Its faith in a warm, but inconstant breeze may be rewarded with an untimely frost. The budding peach is a standing invitation to an unseasonable fall in temperature. The exuberance of youth may overlap itself in the natural anxiety to reach the old swimmin' hole. The robin may grow weary of the Everglades before his constitution really requires a change of climate. Exchanging flannel for nainsook is but too often equivalent to giving death the dare.

But the brewmasters lord it over times and seasons. Like Gregory and Caesar, they bend the calendar to their will. The measured process of fermentation has its laws to which spring must needs conform or find itself out of step with the march of time. When the dead wall and the board fence blossom with the life-size lithographs of Gambrinus, spring is here—or else as a lagard without excuse is greatly to be blamed.

Not without reason was this young child of the vat and the cooling pipe named for the forceful and eccentric buck. It has all his tricks and treasuries, from kittenish playfulness to the butt of the battering ram. The Crim Tartars who concocted it from millet seed were perhaps equal to it in unstinted quantities, but there were giants in those days. Its coming is welcomed as one of the joys of spring, but the wise ones remember that it is no easy matter to temper the buck to the shorn lamb and govern themselves accordingly.

WHERE DR. HILL DROPPED HIS MISSION.

Those who didn't dance at the Schlegelhouse seem to be paying the fiddler. Dr. C. Alphonso Smith recently returned from Berlin, where he spent a week and a half, and was indignant. Mrs. Smith paid duty on a gown with a train far too long for the University of Virginia "prom" and utterly out of the fashion. Prof. Hugo Munsterberg has the opportunity of studying psychology from the inside. Mrs. Munsterberg probably has her opinion, albeit it has not yet seeped through the diplomatic channels. Now Dr. David Jayne Hill, American ambassador to Germany, is coming home, also, declaring himself a poor man, unable to stand the strain. We should think so!

Such a big matter a little fire kind-

leth, for we are persuaded that Dr. Hill's poverty is more diplomatic than real. We have no patience with the explanation that he was persona non grata on account of a matter of potash. All this upheaval started at the Schlegelhouse, over a gown that was never worn, a dance that was never danced. Not with impunity may Germans, royal or otherwise, slight Roosevelt professors who are of the very flock of that illustrious member of the F. F. V., Dr. Edwin A. Alderman of the University of Virginia. Virginia gentlemen are Virginia gentlemen, no matter where they come from or go to. Likewise their ladies. We dare say that Andrew Carnegie and Dr. Pritchett heard of this thing. The apple of Jeffersonian Democracy is not to be insulted gratuitously. When Dr. and Mrs. Smith failed of the opportunity to do a cake-walk at the Schlegelhouse, Dr. Hill stood by consenting. The gown, no doubt, is still in camphor, waiting transformation into ankle-kick form for the commencement "prom." But Dr. Hill has discovered that there is a diplomacy having to do with a woman scorned in which a failure is inexcusable, where a hundred muffs on potash would merely get a pardoning groan from a devoted grandstand.

AN ARGUMENT FOR DIRECT SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

A member of the New Jersey Legislature who was, in private life, an employee of a great manufacturing corporation in that State, was discharged from his position. It is given out without any particular qualification that he was dismissed because he voted for Martine instead of Smith for United States Senator.

That ought to be the subject of an investigation by the Jersey Legislature. Out of that investigation ought to come some proper proceeding, if there is law enough in the State to make a proceeding effective. If not, then there should be enacted such corrupt practices legislation as would make prosecution possible in future.

This performance recalls all that is worst in the Lorimer election scandal. It is charged that a syndicate of great business interests raised \$100,000 to buy the seat for Lorimer. He was to be their Senator, not the State's. The Jersey case is an exact parallel. Had Smith been elected through such influences, another Lorimer scandal would have been inaugurated.

Meanwhile the resolution for direct elections has passed the House and gone to the Senate. There is probably a two-thirds majority in favor of it, if it can be forced to a vote. So the Senatorial manipulators propose to send it to a committee packed against it, in hope of smothering it. There is to be a fight, probably a rollcall, on the reference.

Honest advocates of direct elections want the resolution to go to the Committee on Judiciary. There the same resolution went last session. Opponents of direct elections want it to go to Privileges and Elections—the committee which whitewashed Lorimer.

Every vote to send that resolution to Privileges and Elections is a vote against direct elections.

Every vote to send it to Judiciary will be a vote for direct elections.

The country will get this view in its mind, and gentlemen who play sharp politics will in due time be pointed out.

Carman Loses Wallet.

Robert B. Serrell, a Capital Traction conductor, reported at No. 4 Police Station this morning that he lost or had stolen from his pocket, while on a Seventh street car last evening, a wallet containing \$70.

Serrell said he did not believe he had been a victim of pickpockets, but thought the wallet worked its way out of his hip pocket.

What's on the Program in Washington Today.

(The Times will be pleased to announce meetings in this column. Phone or write announcements.)

Twentieth Continental Congress of the D. A. R., Continental Memorial Hall, 14 E. A. St., 8 p. m.

Popular educational lecture by Mrs. W. H. Baker, Public Library, Mt. Vernon Square, 8 p. m.

Illustrated lecture by William E. Sanford before the District Society of the American Revolution, the Arlington, tonight.

The following Masonic organizations will meet tonight: Lodges—Washington Continental, No. 14, E. A. St.; Orlin, No. 28, F. C. Royal Arch Chapter—Columbia, No. 1, F. M. and E. M. Eastern Star Chapter—Arlene, No. 10, 10th St. N. E.

The following I. O. O. F. organizations will meet tonight: Lodges—Eastern, No. 7, Harmony, No. 9, Federal City, No. 29, Friendship, No. 12, Encampment—Mt. Vernon, No. 6, regular business. Rebekah Degree—Ruth Lodge, No. 2, Martha Washington Lodge, No. 8.

The following K. of P. Lodges will meet tonight: Mt. Vernon, No. 5; Union, No. 25.

Concert by United States Soldiers' Home Band, Stanley Hall, 3:30 p. m.

Psychic-Therapeutic Society, on "Self-Control and Self-Help," at W. C. T. U. headquarters, 826 Sixth street north-west, 8 p. m.

Amusements.

National—"The Woman," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Belasco—French Opera Company in "La Boheme," 2:15 p. m.; "Faust," 8:20 p. m.

Columbia—Columbia Players in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," 8:15 p. m.

Chase—"The Leading Lady" and today vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Academy—"East Lynne," 8:15 p. m.

Impossible for Woman to Comprehend the Great National Game Says Walter Johnson, Premier of Big League Pitchers

His Ten-Year-Old Sister Only Exception He Knows About.

BIG TWIRLER SAYS IT'S BEYOND THEIR KEN

Fine Points Too Many and Varied for Feminine Understanding.

By JULIA MURDOCK.

Are you a "fan," dear sister? Do you go out to the ball game and root and root, and delude yourself with the idea that even if you do not understand the game, you are putting up a mighty good front, and making your brother or your sweetheart or your husband believe you know all about it? Have you faith that some day the wonders of the game will stand revealed to you?

Well, then, forget it! The game, with all its complications, will never be understood by the average woman.

Walter Johnson, Washington's star pitcher, and the mascot cool at the oven door, while hubby, wild-eyed and red-faced, sits out on the bleachers, and yells, take him out! "Wow—he missed that one a block," or similar expletives, while some one whangs the ball about the field.

Walter Johnson says this is the only way in which women can help—but, like the woman in the poem, "they never can understand."

The game will live forever, Johnson says. Too much money is being spent. He is being spent in the erection of magnificent ball parks, in salaries for players, in the purchase of clubs, to have the game die out. Besides, there are 10,000 professionals in the game, 2,000,000 non-professionals, and another 1,000,000 amateurs.

Walter Johnson was fifteen years old before he realized that there was such a thing as baseball. Then, as a high school lad he was called upon one day after school to pitch a game. He didn't know the first thing about it, as he confessed, but he happened to have a good



WALTER JOHNSON, Nationals' Pitcher, Who Says Women Never Will Understand Baseball.

arm, and his boy playmates discovered that he had in him the "makings" of a first class pitcher.

His Start Was As Farmer's Boy.

"Many a time when I lived on the farm," Johnson said, "I passed places where kids were playing baseball, and never knew what they were doing. I knew nothing at all about the game, and here's a funny thing, too," he added, "I never saw a big game in my life until I came East, and even now I can count on my fingers the league games I have seen other than those of my own team."

This did, indeed, seem a queer admission, coming from the man who made Coffeyville famous, though he modestly disclaims this tribute, and says that Coffeyville's sole claim to distinction lies in the fact that it was the scene of the Dalton gang's outlawry.

Polk says that when Mary Garden, and even Eva Tanguay have had

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Tells of His Early Start and of His "Discovery" by Companions.

STAGE FRIGHT DOESN'T BOTHER HIM IN LEAST

Saves His Money and Dreams of His Farm in Kansas.

their moments of stage fright. I wondered if this particularly feminine experience ever came to baseball players. "What does seem like?" asked him. "To stand up and face a whole grandstand full of people on a bright, sunny day, and are them all ready and willing to jump all over you if you happen to miscalculate the trajectory of a missile propelled at a velocity of 75 feet per second, with atmospheric resistance—?" you see I had consulted an authority.

"Well, I've had my moments of stage fright," he admitted, "but I never got excited enough to forget that there's a ball game going on."

And who, you think this star pitcher is interested in?

Money and Chickens His Hobbies.

Money, of course, first of all, next to that, his chickens.

Yes, chickens! A man who would ride all the way from Atlanta to Coffeyville, Kan., just to see that a setting of white orphington eggs was properly placed beneath just the right hen, must certainly be fond of chickens. He would rather go out to that farm in Kansas and watch the roosters-out there where people go to bed early and get up early than to loaf around New York or Palm Beach or even go to Paris, and spend the winter. This man who has proven the unconditional power of the force of gravity, who can take a little ball of rubber and yarn, covered with selected porcelaine, stitched in the figure 8 and do wonderful things with it has no longing for the city. It is "back to the roosters" for him.

Walter Johnson is the oldest-born man of the sort that Kansas and the West breeds. He has always been a hard worker and he likes it. He is what might be called an open-air crank. He has a large body, a pair of twinkling gray eyes, curly blonde hair, and a boyish laugh.

One would imagine that he is one who would take the lemons the world hands him, and start up a lemonade stand. He knows little about the value of money and he never invests. He buries it as fast as it comes in, and it is rapidly accumulating in a nice little pile in a Kansas bank, to the tune of \$10,000, when that little pile gets so big that he cannot see over the top of it, there's going to be another 100 acres added to the land already owned, and there's going to be another wheat baron riding around the prairies of Kansas in a big, red 60-horsepower automobile.

For Walter Johnson is only twenty-three years old now, and \$7,000 a year is something of a sum of money for a young man who is playing baseball a few months out of a year.

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